THE GLEANER;

OR,

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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STACY POTTS, JUN. *Editor.*

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MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. 4. *For December*, 1808. Vol. 1.

FOR THE GLEANER.

THE MODERATOR, No. 3.

" *Tippling every joy surpasses,*
" *Rich the treasure,*
" *Sweet the pleasure,*
" *After drinking to break glasses.*" HUMPHREYS.

ON Sam's manner of singing, the sweetness of his voice or the melody of the tune, I shall make no remarks, for I am no connoisseur in such matters; they seemed to please and that is their object: but, I take the liberty of declaring my disapprobation of the sentiments of his song. I am aware of Franklin's observation, that " the words are only an excuse for singing," and if our songmakers would more generally be attentive to the proper business of Lyric poetry, which is, " to delight by other means than ratiocination, logic or philosophy," they would do less harm. So long as they content themselves with *fa*, *sol*, *la*, and *ba*, *do*, *na*, I shall be the last to criticise their productions, and they may enjoy all the extatic pleasure of " vocal enchantment" for me. But if they will overstep the bounds of their province and intermeddle in matters of intellect as well as of sense, they must prepare sometimes to bear the animadversions of such Gluckists as I. And, if they will be so abandoned as to rob virtue of her ornaments to decorate vice; or even by tinsel and false colourings attempt to cover the deformities of folly and extravagance, they deserve to be severely reprimanded. 'Tis from compositions of this kind that young minds, formed in friendship's fairest mould, and susceptible of every social virtue, are too often contaminated. As in the case before us; the deceptive reasons here held out for tippling; the affected relief from care, and the pleasing good nature which a state of inebriety is depicted to promote; but above all the careless indifference with which the most serious concerns of mankind are treated--are abominable. If these care-deriding gentry would tell the *whole* truth and not keep back the most valuable part of it; if they would shew both sides of their accounts and state the debits and credits fairly; if after painting in the most lively colours the delights of a bacchanalian, they would describe his

pangs and wretchedness as he transmuted to sobriety, they would not be so dangerous.

I am not so rigid an Alcoranist that I would totally prohibit the use of wine, or prevent an occasional indulgence in innocent levity and recreation: nay, so far from this, no person is fonder than myself now and then to unbend over a few glasses, with a social companion. But to suffer the gratification of a sensual pleasure to become habitual, is a proof of intellectual weakness.—I know by experience (tho' I blush to confess it) that the tortures of reflection after a debauch, overbalance all the comforts of the enjoyment. As, on another subject, my father's mother's daughter used to teach me when I was a child. When I would hear her talking of getting married, which was almost every day in the year and all day long, I would sometimes pester her by asking very innocently, "*Aunt Margery, how do people get married?*" She would stroke her hand gently over my face, from the forehead to the chin, and say "*that's the way to get married Quintin*,"—but, roughly rubbing it the contrary way, from the chin to the forehead, and giving my nose a good wringing, "*that's the way to keep house*," she would add. Good soul! I can never bring her to my recollection, without sighing, to think how I used to worry her with impertinent questions, and such as she was no more competent to answer, than she was to calculate a transit of Venus over the sun's disk.—How should she know how people got married, who, though she had tried every method that her ingenuity (and she was not deficient in ingenuity) or her experience could devise, died at last of disappointment, an amorous maiden at the age of three score and nine?—But I am digressing again from my object—the reader will forgive me this time, because we cannot always resist a vanity we often feel to descant on the virtues of our departed relatives. My aunt's too was an instance of *female virtue* and the inclination was therefore the more irresistible because such instances are rare.

To return to the Club. When Sam had finished his song a roar of applause was sounded by all the company, except the young member I have before alluded to, who, either having no relish for music or to shew that he could *mimick* the drunken man to perfection, had laid himself very quietly under the table. And, though the noise of the others clapping hands and thumping on the table; the rattling and breaking of bottles, glasses, chairs and almost every thing in the room that could be broken, with the shouts of bravo! bravo! encore! encore! and I know not what, seemed to me to be almost sufficient to rouse the dead from their slumber, yet he appeared to lay as if insensible of what was going on. For my part I was glad to get out of the way of this hurricane of confusion, and, stepping into the other room, I told Mr. Tap that I was a good

deal alarmed, and that I believed the young *gentleman* was certainly drunk, if not dead. But he laughed at my credulity and replied "never fear him," "though," continued he giving his shoulders a shrug, tossing up his head and winking very significantly with his left eye, "they are all beginning to mellow."

At this juncture of time, and when I thought nothing short of force would pacify them, in came a good looking person, whose *face* I had often seen about town but whose name I did not know until now; the landlord called him Reynard Swindle.—"Why what have you got here," said he, as he entered, with a smile upon his countenance. "Walk in and see," said Mr. Tap, "there's sport for *you*." He went in and before ten minutes the clamour in a great degree subsided. I conjectured Mr. Swindle was a civil officer of much authority, that his presence had instantaneously, as it were, so good an effect, and I confess I felt something like envy to think that he should be attended to, when the Moderator had several times requested them to be quiet and to no purpose. But when (after handing in a new set of chairs, glasses and another full bottle) I saw Mr. Tap, at their request, take in a volume of the "*devil's pictured beuks*." I understood by what magic he had charmed them—and I knew at once that Mr. Swindle was neither more nor less than one of those very worthy citizens yclep'd-*gamblers*. Nay, I have no doubt but this fellow had been lounging about the house, waiting for this auspicious moment, when intoxication (for I cannot be persuaded they were not so) had rendered these wretches fit subjects for his art to work upon, in order to pounce upon them like a wolf into the sheepfold. An instance of the many impositions to which such conduct, as these young men were pursuing, exposes its followers. I was disgusted at the sight and shocked at the depravity of man; but considering that verbal reprehension would be of no use in the then posture of affairs, I returned pensively to my quiet home.

The more I reflect upon the occurrences of the evening, the more I am convinced of the mischievous tendency of what are called drinking songs: and I think it would be doing a service to mankind, if some of our sprightly geniuses would make it their business to compose additional stanzas, by way of counterplot, to these licentious machinations. Perhaps it would not be possible to make much impression with those who are already addicted to intemperance and hardened in iniquity; but by publishing the original songs with the additions thereto, the poison would in some measure carry with it its own antidote to the minds of the rising generations. For having once learned both parts of the song thus connected, however *gay*, however *mellow*, or however *spunky* a person might be, the faculty of association would ever after render it almost impossible for him, to sing or hear the one without recollecting the other. It often

proves beneficial to start serious reflections in the very hey-day of vice.

Other avocations will not permit me to engage in such an undertaking, but I recommend the proposition to those who have leisure, and are fond of composing in rhyme. If the authors of the "art of contentment," and the "king and the farmer," &c. would employ their talents in this way, I am convinced it would be vastly more beneficial than writing such long and laboured poems. But they must take care that the moral they wish to inculcate be correct, and the expressions they convey it in unambiguous and forceable. Their productions, of which I have just now mentioned the titles, would require more time and reading to comprehend, than it would take to learn all the characters used by nine hundred and ninety nine of the most voluminous Chinese authors.

As an illustration of my project, I have composed six additional verses to Mr. Simple's song, as nearly as I could in the same measure, the two first as a continuation of the original, and the four last verses in another character. I understand our modern singers are fond of such variations, as they give them a better opportunity to exert the power of their voice. I do therefore hereby direct all good fellows, tipplers, topers, drunkards, and all other persons by whatever name they may be distinguished, and particularly the members of the Lancaster jolly club, never to sing or say the foregoing song (as published in my second number) but in connection with the following :--

"Where is Will and Ben and Harry?
Always prompt to meet us here;
What can cause them now to tarry?
This betokens mischief near.

Here is Tom, and he can tell us,
Gad how ghastly is his eye!
What mishap has now befell us?
Is some catch-pole prowling nigh?

TOM. O! my friends the tale is dreadfull,
Curse the evil drink begets;
Ben reel'd home last night with headfull,
And expir'd in drunken fits.

Will and Hal, when not in liquor
No two friends more kind and true;
O'er their cups began to bicker,
Will his friend and comrade slew.

Phil has *here* maintain'd his credit,
But the means 'till now unknown;
'Twas by pilfer'd cash he did it,
And at length the secret's blown.

I assail'd a worthy brother,
Harm'd his wife and little son,
Beat and much abus'd my mother,
God! I know not what I've done.

For the Gleaner.

Mr. POTTS,

The world has been told over and over again that there is an antidote *for every disease, but those who hate medicine would solemnly vow, without having any further evidence on the case than the word* "antidote," *that the whole was a mere* doctor's trick *to deceive their* patients. *But let these learned disputes end as they may, I am not one of your* whirligig *believers more than I am one of your venders of* doldrumism; *and yet I think there may be even an antidote for gloomy minds this stormy season of the year. To that end, therefore, I send yon two* extracts *for those of your readers who are troubled, at times, with love mulligrubs or revolutionary fevers.* *Yours,* *Fortunatus Jallapwig.*

EXTRACT 1.

"When Hearty had finished his recital, every one allowed him to be happy, and pronounced him a good *patriot.* A barber, of a whimsical appearance entering, and overhearing the word *patriotism*, immediately launched forth in praise of that good quality, which, he observed, was very hard to find. "A patriot," says he, "mows the beard of bribery from the countenance of the country with the razor of rigidity; tickles up the tale of the times with the comb of contrivance, and the curling-irons of conscience; cuts off the queue of the quidnuncs with the scissors of sound argument, and ties up the pig-tail of politics in the ribbon of ratiocination; dresses the head of the constitution with the powder of perfection and the pomatum of popularity; crops the pate of the pension-list to make wigs for the wants of the country; and frizzes the caxon of corruption into the *je na scai quoi* jazey of freedom." "You are a patriot, I presume," replied I. "I hope so," said he; "I pride myself upon it. I am a patriot of a new school. Pray what's the use of that pipe?"—"Put it to your mouth," said I. He did, and it produced the description of a *patriotic Barber*, in a paraphrase of the old proverb, "*Charity at home.*"

EXTRACT 2.—"*Marriage*," said a stock-broker, "is like the lottery, and happiness the twenty thousand pound prize!"

"Which can go but to one," said a monopolizer, "I imagine."—"Yes," replied chance, "it can be divided into a great many shares." "Marriage is a sea," said Hearty: "then," replied the sailor, "those who venture on it should act like sailors, take the bad with the good, laugh at danger and fear, and drive away care, with "Yo! Yo! Yo!"

For the Gleaner.

Mr. Editor,

I was formerly a resident in Lancaster but owing to some private circumstances necessitated to leave it and have been absent a considerable length of time. A few months ago I determined to revisit my native home, and once more feel the cheering warmth of a hearty welcome from old schoolmates, and playfellows. The idea was hardly conceived before it was put in execution and I am now here enjoying myself amidst numerous friends. I cannot avoid expressing surprize and admiration to see how a few years will alter, in appearance, things the most substantial; almost every object possesses some difference from what it formerly did, and the countenances of my ancient acquaintances have varied beyond conception; insomuch that it is with difficulty I can again recognize them. But among the pleasing views that I have had since my return, the following affords the greatest satisfaction. The morning after I came to town I went to pay my visits and the first house I stopped at, was surprized to see two spinning-wheels turning at the sametime, managed by as many beautiful young women. At the next place, there were two carding, one spinning, and another employed in knitting: Thus I continued, through the whole circle of my acquaintances, extremely gratified, to observe their great turn for industry.

When I first departed from Lancaster I visited a number of towns in Pennsylvania and the adjoining states, and made many observations concerning the manners in different places; what character the females bore for industry, &c. but never met with any thing like this. To see young ladies neglect the piano and toilet, for the more useful spinning-wheel and knitting needles is, evidently surprizing, and does justice to their general character. It shews their superior education, is an example worthy to be followed, and exalts the female character: It proves their willingness to be the first to stimulate a compliance with our present situation, and let the world know that American ladies understand the art of spinning, as well as of dressing to advantage: That they are exempt from selfish pride; sensible of the many graces, the lively wheel is capable of adding to them; and aware of the additional efficacy their beauty gains, by leaving the fatigueing dance and toilet's occupation, to turn their hands to a beneficial employment.

Your friend,

JAMES HOMESPUN.

SHIPWRECK OF CAPTAIN HENRY WILSON, ON THE PELEW ISLANDS.

(Continued from page 111.)

The remainder of the time the English spent at Pelew, was very agreeably employed. One day, when in company with a great number of the natives, Mr. Devis, who was an excellent draughtsman, took out his pencil, and was busily employed in taking the likeness of a woman who drew his attention. The lady observing him, and ignorant of his intention, retired in great confusion. A chief beside him, noticing the drawing, was greatly pleased, and shewed it to the king, who immediately ordered two women to come forward and stand in a proper position for Mr. Devis to take their likeness. Mr. Devis soon finished his sketches and presented them to the king, who was highly entertained, and calling the women, shewed them their portraits, with which they were much pleased. Abba Thulle desired Mr. Devis to give him his pencil and paper, on which he scratched a few figures, very rudely, but sufficiently to shew his conception of what had been done. So that while he displayed his own inferiority to the artist, he, at the same time, gave evident proofs of the sense he had of it, and his wishes to possess these qualifications which so pleased him.

Captain Wilson and his companions were carried to see their method of building canoes, and observed some canoes which were just returned from a skirmish, in which they had proved victorious. They had captured a canoe, which was considered as great a trophy as a first rate man of war would be in Britain. On this occasion, the English had an opportunity of observing their method of celebrating such exploits, or keeping a day of festivity. There was a great feast prepared for the warriors, previous to which they danced in the following manner: they ornamented themselves with plantain leaves, nicely paired into stripes, like our ribbons, which, being of a yellowish colour, had a good effect on their dark skins; then forming themselves into circles, one within another, an elderly person began a song, or long sentence, and on his coming to the end of it, all the dancers joined in concert, dancing along at the same time; then a new sentence was pronounced and danced to, which continued till every one had sung, and his verse had been danced to.

Their manner of dancing does not consist so much of capering and leaping, or other feats of agility, as a certain method of reclining their bodies, and yet preserving their balance. During

the dance, sweet drink was handed about, and when it was finished, an elegant supper was brought in.

Mr. Sharp carried Captain Wilson, one afternoon, to see his favourite Arra Kooker, who received them with great joy, and entertained them very kindly. They went through many plantations on their way, and were much surprised to find the country so highly cultivated. They observed a tree, named by the natives ri'a'mall, which the English supposed to be a species of the bread-fruit. After enjoying plentifully this good man's bounty, they returned to Pelew, highly delighted with their agreeable excursion. In the course of such observations as they had an opportunity of making, they found the employment of the men generally to be making darts, hewing trees, and building canoes, while the women looked after the yams, wrought the mats and baskets, nursed their children, and dressed the victuals.

On Thursday, the 4th of September, they left Pelew, loaded with presents, and amidst the loud acclamations of a vast number of the natives. They arrived safe at the cove about nine in the evening, and found all their companions well, and proceeding in their work with the utmost alacrity. The captain immediately informed them of the request the natives had made for ten men, and every one was again anxious to be of the party. At length they were determined upon, and ordered to be in readiness on a call from the king.

Soon after, his majesty paid them another visit at Oroolong, and after inspecting the progress they made in their vessel, which delighted him greatly, he returned with the desired reinforcement of ten Englishmen.

As the king had some days before sent information to Artingall of his proposed attack, which is customary here, and at the same time terms of peace, he now ordered a canoe, with four men in it, to proceed to the island, and enquire whether they were to submit or to fight.

The messengers soon returned, informing that they refused the terms offered them. Immediately Abba Thulle ordered the conch to be sounded, and waved his chinam stick in the air, the signal for forming the line of battle.

Meantime the enemy collected their canoes, but kept close by the shore, shewing an evident disinclination to come to battle.

Abba Thulle had dressed himself in the scarlet coat which Captain Wilson had given him, and kept one of the Englishmen in his canoe. The other nine were dispersed through the fleet in nine different canoes, armed with muskets, cutlasses, bayonets, and pistols.

Finding the enemy would not advance, and their present situation being very unfavourable for the attack, the king ordered a party of canoes to go round a neck of high land, and lie there concealed. He then ordered the remainder to exchange a few

darts in their present position, and retreat with apparent precipitancy; by these means he expected to draw the enemy from their shores, and the concealed squadron could then get betwixt them and the land, and thus hem them in on all hands.

He dispatched his orders with great readiness, by means of some very swift sailing canoes, which cut the water with astonishing velocity. His stratagem took effect as he wished. The enemy rushed out to pursue the apparent fugitives, and the canoes coming round the high land, surrounded them on all sides. Those who fled now turned about, and, by means of the fire-arms, threw the enemy into terror and confusion. The noise of the muskets, their friends dropping they knew not how, and the triumphant shout which the natives of Pelew set up, totally discomfited them. They retreated with precipitation, rushed through the canoes that were betwixt them and the land, as there were but few of them, and by that means all escaped but six canoes, and nine natives, who were captured. The victory was, however, considered as very complete. It is very seldom that any canoes are taken, and two or three prisoners are generally the greatest number. The dead bodies are carefully carried off the field of battle, lest they should fall into the hands of the conquerors to expose them. It grieves us to be obliged to say, that the prisoners are constantly dispatched. This is the only trait of inhumanity that disgraces a people otherwise mild and gentle.

A little before this engagement, Mr. Sharp was requested by Raa Kook, to go along with him to Pelew, to inspect his son's foot, which was very dangerously hurt by a spear, which, having sunk deep into the flesh, was broke off in attempting to pull it out; and the barb of the spear, having got among the small bones, they could not extract it. Meantime, his foot swelled amazingly, to the great distress of the young man. One of the natives, reputed among them as a man of skill, began to cut away the flesh. But, after mangling his foot in a terrible manner, he was obliged to desist, as the effusion of blood became so great that he could not continue the operation. They, therefore, had recourse to their fomentation, of which Mr. Sharp much approved, and desired it to be continued till he saw him, which he could not propose at that time, three of the ablest men being sick.

Mr. Sharp's account of his excursion to see him some time after, is as follows:

Immediately on his landing, he went directly to his father's house, who met him with visible distress in his countenance.

Mr. Sharp acquainted him, that he was come to see his son, and had brought such instruments with him as would enable him, he hoped, to administer relief. He smiled approbation, and conducted him to his house, where Abba Thulle and several of the principal people were assembled. After paying his respects

to them, Mr. Sharp was informed, that during Raa Kook's stay at Oroolong, the swelling had subsided by means of the fomentation, and they had forced the spear through his foot, as the only method of extracting it. At this time, the whole army was setting out on a third expedition, which the young man hearing, could not bear the thoughts of being absent from—He therefore insisted upon being carried to his canoe, where, though he could not stand on his feet to fight, he could raise himself so much up as to throw a spear. He, therefore, went along, and very early in the engagement fell a sacrifice to his magnanimity; a spear entering through his throat, occasioned his immediate death. It is impossible to pass over in silence the unhappy fate of this gallant youth. A spirit more truly heroic, history has not left on record; nor need we hesitate to say, that there was more real valour displayed in this action, which accident only has brought on record, than in many feats which have attracted the admiration of ages. Success again crowned the natives of Pelew, by the assistance of the English, though the enemy behaved with great resolution.

Soon after, Raa Kook desired Mr. Sharp and the boatswain to accompany him to the water side, where two canoes were waiting, into which they went, accompanied by about twenty rupacks, whom they had not formerly seen, as they belonged to another island, though friendly to Abba Thulle. Mr. Sharp knew not whither they were going, but suffered himself to be conducted by his friend. They landed upon an island about four miles distant from Pelew. They went a little way up into the island, to a small, uninhabited village, where there were four or five houses, surrounded by a neat pavement.

After resting about an hour here, they set forward to a town about half a mile distant, where a great many people of both sexes were assembled, and an entertainment prepared—Immediately after this the women retired; and soon after their attention was drawn to the sound of distress and weeping at a little distance; the voices appeared to be principally those of women. Raa Kook immediately led Mr. Sharp from the company to the place whence the noise proceeded. They found a great multitude of women attending a dead corpse, which was neatly wrapped in a mat, and supported by four men. They kept up a constant lamentation, and were just about to lay it down, when the strangers joined them. The body was immediately deposited in the grave without any ceremony, while the men who had borne it on their shoulders, proceeded to cover it quickly with the dust. The women then kneeled down, and their cries increased so much, that they appeared as if they were anxious to tear up the very body again which had been just buried.

A heavy shower of rain obliged Mr. Sharp to leave this interesting scene to seek shelter, but he never could learn the cause

of Raa Kook's behaviour on this occasion; as, notwithstanding the uncommon regard he had for his late son, whose body they were convinced it was, he preserved the most profound silence on the subject; nor did he appear particularly interested. The most probable conjecture they could form was, that he considered it to be below that dignity of mind, which he, on all occasions, wished to support, to appear concerned on an occasion which generally produces those feelings that betray what they consider as human weakness.

The night proved very stormy, so they could not return to Pelew, but spent the evening with Raa Kook. In the morning Raa Kook carried Mr. Sharp and the boatswain to a little hut contiguous to the place where his son had been buried. Here they found only an old woman, to whom the general spoke for some time.—She then went out, but returned in a short time, bringing with her two old cocoa-nuts, some red ochre, and a bundle of betel-nut with the leaves. He took the cocoa-nuts and crossed them with the ochre, placing them one on each side by him; after which he repeated something to himself, which they supposed to be a prayer. He then crossed the betel-nut in the same manner, and sat musing over it a little, when he gave them to the woman, who carried them out, as Mr. Sharp supposed, to the grave; he wished to follow her, but as Raa Kook appeared under great agitation, and not inclined to rise, he did not leave him, nor enquire farther.

Mr. Sharp entertained his friends with the inspection of his watch and surgical instruments, with which they were greatly pleased, as well as with the description he gave them of the mode of performing various operations.

Their countrymen they had left at Pelew were in great distress about their absence.—They had been witnesses to the funeral of another young man, who had been slain in the same battle. As they were accidentally stragling through the fields, about two miles from Pelew, they observed a great number of the natives going towards a village, with Abba Thulle at their head. They came to a large pavement, where the king was seated, and a great crowd surrounded him. Those who bore the corpse, moved slowly on before the king, who addressed them in a speech, probably recapitulating the qualifications of the deceased.

This eulogium he delivered with great solemnity; and the respectful silence of all around him, added a degree of affecting grandeur to the scene. The body was then carried to the grave, attended by women only, and thither Mr. Matthias Wilson followed. He observed an aged woman getting out of a new-made grave, whom he supposed to be the mother or some near relation of the deceased, who had been examining if every thing was properly prepared to her mind.

The last offices they always commit to the women, as the men

who are nearly interested, or relations, might be led to discover some exterior marks of grief which they consider as derogatory to the dignity of manhood. Immediately on the body being laid in the grave, the women set up loud lamentations, as in the case of Raa Kook's son, and Mr. Wilson left them.

Their graves are made in the same manner as in Europe. Some have a flat stone laid horizontally on the grave, to prevent any person from trampling upon it. They have also particular spots of ground set apart for the purpose of burying their dead.

It exceeds our limits to relate all the various turns which took place during the contests between the natives of Pelew and those of Artingall. Suffice it to say, that Captain Wilson lent every aid to his friends, and obtained and deserved their esteem. Soon after his return to Oroolong, he found it necessary to use discipline. During his absence, the cook had misbehaved exceedingly, appropriating a great part of the small portion of meat they were allowed, to himself and his assistant.

As it was requisite, in their present situation, that the strictest discipline should be exercised, Capt. Wilson, by a court-martial, ordered him a cobbing.

The native tenderness of Raa Kook's disposition, who was present, appeared eminently on this occasion. When he saw the man stripped to the waist, and his hands tied against a tree to keep them extended, he entreated Captain Wilson to pardon him: this however could not be granted.

The punishment of cobbing is inflicted by a thin flat piece of wood, like a battledore; which Raa no sooner saw exercised, and the man bearing it patiently, than he was reconciled, standing by and encouraging him all the time.

A Chinese was also punished in the same manner, for wounding one of his countrymen with a stone. But he set up such a hideous cry, that Raa Kook was greatly entertained with his cowardice, or rather despised him for his want of fortitude.

The schooner was now very considerably advanced, and every circumstance conspired to brighten their prospects. On the 17th of October, Abba Thulle arrived with the agreeable news, that the chief minister of Artingall had been at Pelew, with offers of peace, which had been concluded upon, to the great joy of Raa Kook, and the other natives. Abba Thulle brought his youngest daughter with him, named Erre Bess, of whom he appeared to be exceedingly fond. He conducted her through all the cove, and explained the use of every thing with much attention. Besides her, he also brought with him, on this visit, Ludee, one of his wives; a very beautiful woman, young, and greatly superior to any they had hitherto seen. Her genteel deportment and graceful step, drew the attention of every beholder. She had with her eight or ten females, who were all escorted by Raa Kook, and shewn the forge, vessel, guns, tents,

and other curiosities, with which they were greatly surprised. The king had also brought some of his artificers with him, or tacklebys, as he called them, to observe the progress of the vessel, and the manner of working. He seemed peculiarly anxious that they should pay attention to the schooner, which all ranks agreed in considering as the *ne plus ultra* of human mechanism.

After their curiosity had been fully satisfied, the captain prepared an entertainment for them in the tent, consisting principally of fish, and boiled rice, sweetened with molasses, of which they appeared very fond.

A good deal of conversation took place on this visit, between the king and Captain Wilson, on various subjects. Abba Thulle acknowledged that the English muskets had now procured him peace with almost all his neighbours; he at the same time requested, that the captain would leave ten muskets with him when he left the island. This Captain Wilson told him would not be in his power, as Britain was at present engaged in war with several different nations, with whose vessels they might fall in on their return homeward, and so require defensive weapons; but he promised him five, which greatly pleased him.

Abba Thulle then enquired what quantity of powder they had; but, observing that Captain Wilson was not disposed to answer him readily he very politely changed the subject.

The captain then desired he would assure his neighbouring islanders, that the English, deeply sensible of the kind usage they had received from the inhabitants of Pelew, were determined to return very soon, in a much larger ship, and with a greater number of men, and fully avenge any insult that might be offered to the Pelewites, either by the people of Artingall, or any other island.

Agreeable to a former promise of Captain Wilson, Abba Thulle then informed him, he had come, at this time, to get the guns from the wreck, which he said should either be placed at Oroolong or Pelew, as the English pleased.—Captain Wilson having previously consulted his officers, desired him to take them all to Pelew, except one, which they might perhaps need in the schooner. Accordingly, next day, the king ordered some of his people to go to the wreck, in order to remove them. Having no tackle, they found it a very difficult job, and were forced to send for assistance from their friends. The Englishmen speedily lodged them in the canoes, to the surprise of the natives, who could not conceive it possible to handle these heavy pieces with such apparent ease.

The king lodged at the back part of the island, carrying with him all his attendants, that the English might be as little interrupted by them as possible. He had not been long there, when he sent for Captain Wilson, to give him ten large fish, part of a quantity his people had taken. Of these he would only receive

four, which would fully serve all his people for supper; and such is the nature of the climate, that no fish will keep fresh above five or six hours. The king then ordered the remaining six to be dressed for keeping, and sent to the cove in the morning.—Their method of cleaning and dressing them is as follows: the fish is first well cleaned, washed, and all the scales taken off; then two sticks are placed lengthways of the fish, in order to keep it straight, in the same manner as sticks are placed across salmon in this country, when kippering. It is then bound round with broad plantain leaves, and smoked over a slow fire. In this state it will be eatable for at least two days, though not very pleasant to those unaccustomed to such a mode of preserving.

In the morning, the ears of the English were saluted with the noise of singing in the woods, which proved to be Raa Kook and his attendants coming across the country, with the six dried fish. This morning the king went to the wreck, and returned to the cove, and breakfasted on tea with Captain Wilson, three Artingail people being also of the party. After breakfast, the strangers were led through the works, and their surprise was nothing inferior to any that had yet been expressed. The guns particularly interested them, as the means by which so many of their countrymen died, in a manner then incomprehensible.

In a few days, they had a farther opportunity of seeing the effects of the muskets, by Mr. Benger's killing some pigeons while on wing; they ran to the carcases, and examined them very attentively, and, upon noticing the wounds, observed, it was with such holes as these their countrymen died. On this occasion, the Pelewites seemed to exult a little over their neighbors, on the ignorance which they shewed of the use of fire-arms. The people of Artingall, however, retained no animosity on this account, but seemed quite happy and at ease. Thus these people, though fierce in battle, as soon as peace is concluded, wisely forget the past. Happy would it be for more polished nations to imitate them in this respect!

The vessel being now nearly completed, a consultation was held, to fix on the safest method of launching her, which was agreed to be lay-ways. They had neither pitch nor rosin to pay her with. This want, necessity, the mother of invention, taught them to supply, by burning coral stone into lime; then sifting it thoroughly, they mixed it up with grease, and found it an excellent succedaneum.

Some time before this, Madan Blanchard, one of the common sailors, who had accompanied the natives in their different expeditions, had expressed his desire to some of his comrades to be left behind. At first it was supposed he was not in earnest: but when the captain was apprised of his real inclination, he endeavoured to dissuade him from such an unaccountable step.—Finding however, that no arguments could make any impression

on his mind, or shake his resolution, he determined to make a merit of necessity; and, therefore, when Abba Thulie came down to Oroolong, to attend the launching of the schooner, he signified to his majesty, that, as a return for the hospitality with which the English had been treated, they would leave one of their comrades with him as a perpetual residenter, who was fully qualified to manage the great guns and other things, that were to be presented to him at their departure. The idea was by no means thrown away; the king was gratified beyond measure.

This night Blanchard spent with the king, and was well entertained. All the crew regretted much to part with Blanchard. His agreeable behaviour made him regretted by all his companions, who lost no opportunity to speak in his behalf to the natives. This resolution of his, however, was inexplicable; as it is difficult to conjecture what motives could urge him to forsake that class of mankind, among whom he had hitherto lived, and be separated from them perhaps forever. As Abba Thulle, Raa Kook, and the natives in general, considered his remaining among them as a very great compliment, they were resolved to render him happy; and promised to make him a rupack, to give him two wives, together with a house and plantations.

Blanchard was about twenty years of age, of rather a grave turn, but possessing much native humour. What rendered his resolution the more extraordinary was, its being known that he had formed no particular attachment on the island; but man often displays singular freaks, and perhaps his real motives will ever be unknown. He certainly was courageous in an eminent degree, and no quality is more valued among the natives. Unfortunately he could neither read nor write; else, should succeeding navigators fall in with him, he might have been able to furnish memoirs, which would have interested every admirer of simple nature; and every heart of sensibility will have an anxious desire to know the fate of a man, who made himself a voluntary recluse from the rest of the world.

(To be continued.)

For the Gleaner.

On the Expediency of Capital Punishments.

THE man, who has bled in his country's cause—who on the alter of freedom has sacrificed his fortune, his ease and all the charms of domestic felicity, generally finds a monument in the grateful hearts of his fellow-citizens, and his name is handed down with blessings to the latest posterity.—But how shall we

sufficiently reward him, who boldly steps forward to plead the cause of bleeding humanity, who exerts all his talents to alleviate the miseries of mankind, and employs all his faculties in the promotion of virtue? May pure and uninterrupted happiness be his portion in this life, and the smiles of an approving God his recompence in the next. A total abolition of the practice of punishing capitally is warmly recommended by one of these generous souls. However desirable such an alteration, in our criminal code, might be to the noble mind—however grateful to the heart of sensibility, yet, before we assent to such a reformation, it is our duty as rational beings to investigate the subject and endeavour if possible to ascertain whether it would not tend to endanger the lives of the innocent and feeble, and eventually strike at the root of society. That in every nation the supreme power has the *right* of inflicting *capital* punishments on those refractory individuals whose crimes tend to the dissolution of government, is frankly admitted—but that *such* punishments are in any case *expedient* is strenuously contested. The primary object in legislation ought to be the security of the lives, liberty and property of individuals. The common class of mankind generally form their ideas of the different degrees of criminality in offences according to the penalties denounced against each by the laws. Now as the preservation of government and the very existence of society depend on the protection they afford to the lives of the citizens, all laws for the purpose of guarding this invaluable treasure ought to be peculiarly distinguished from those which solely respect their property. Death, when seldom inflicted, is of all punishments the most solemn, the most terrifying and the most awful. 'Tis true when laws are too sanguinary, when capital punishments are repeated too frequently, when the sight of offenders suffering on the block or the gibbet becomes too familiar to the eye, death will in a great measure be disarmed of his terrors. To view a wretch expiring in the agonies of an ignominious death, at first fills the minds of the spectators with the most loathsome horror, but when they see numbers of others meet with the same melancholly fate, they lose all sympathy, and can with the most perfect indifference behold the unhappy delinquent wreathing with the most excruciating torture.—But when as before observed, capital punishments are but rarely inflicted, what can so truly appal the heart of the most abandoned villain than to behold one of his companions arrested by the hand of justice—tried and condemned in the most solemn and impressive manner—doomed to know the exact period of his existence—led to execution amid crowds of sad and gloomy spectators—to see the miserable victim sickening at the sight of his coffin and his grave—trembling at the abyss into which he is just ready to sink—but alas! the scene is too melancholly to dwell on.—It is impossible but the stoutest resolution

must shudder at such a sight. Impressions are here made which time can never eradicate from the minds of the spectators. The unhappy lot, of his departed mate, is continually haunting the imagination of the hardened sinner, in whose fate his own is depicted in the most striking colours, and often perhaps when his arm is raised to strike the fatal blow, the recollection of the gallows unnerves his resolution and the devoted victim escapes from his fangs. The young offender beholds the scene above described with all the horrors of a guilty conscience—he startles back pale and trembling from the precipice into which he was rushing—every reflection on his past conduct harrows up his inmost soul, and his troubled mind cannot be easy until his habits of life are reformed and his wicked inclinations changed. Thus may a single example be attended with the most salutary, lasting, and beneficial consequences to the community. But it is asserted that imprisonment may be rendered much more severe than death, and at the same time afford a more durable example to deter the wicked from the perpetration of crimes. The devout christian, whose only hopes of genuine felicity are fixed on a future state—who looks on this world as a vale of tears, who knows this life is made up of trials and afflictions, may indeed "smile at the drawn dagger and defy its point," and look forward with heart felt joy to that period when his sorrows and difficulties are to be terminated. The soldier, whose bosom glows with enthusiastic ardour in his country's cause, may cheerfully rush on death to acquire glory and renown—the son of freedom may prefer a glorious exit to slavery and chains—but that a *villian* should be desirous of death would be a prodigy—nay, load him with all the miseries incident to human nature—let him be overwhelmed with calamities—let sorrow and affliction be his constant companions, and he will catch at a straw to prolong his miserable existence. An invincible attachment to life is a principle implanted in our nature, no doubt for wise and useful purposes, none are exempt from its influence—Even the wretch who expects when he has "shuffled off this mortal evil," to be annihilated forever, will struggle to avoid that state, which is to relieve him from all his woes—nay

"who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
To perish rather, swallowed up and lost,
In the wide womb of uncreated night,
Devoid of sense and motion?"

But what is there in imprisonment so truly terrible—so chilling to the soul? Is it not almost universally the case, that offenders, after their release from confinement, immediately relapse into their former practices or plunge into crimes of deeper die,

and return with less contrition to their solitary dungeon? Is this not proved by daily experience? And what are we to infer from this? most certainly that imprisonment has not produced the desired effect. Having once tasted of this bitter cup, is it not reasonable to suppose these wretched creatures would have dreaded a second draught? Unfortunately they are the boldest in iniquity; and their pernicious example serves but to encourage vice in others. Instead of exhibiting to the world a picture of wickedness blasted in the bud, they shoot up with renewed vigor and like rank weeds, choke the growth of every principle of virtue around them—contagion hangs upon their lips, and their words are like poisoned darts. Instead of pointing out the rock on which they themselves have split, with syren voice they allure others into the whirlpool of infamy and wretchedness. Instead of manifesting a striking aversion to the glooms of a prison, their heedless conduct argues a perfect indifference or rather restless desire to revisit that dull and melancholly abode.—Persons of this description being generally composed of the idle and dissolute, honest industry is to them more dreadful even than the dungeon; besides the hopes of escaping detection would always induce them to prefer the latter. If then confinement is so lightly thought of by those who have felt its effects, what magic influence can we imagine it possesses in detering others from the commission of vice? If those who are liberated from their chains and imprisonment, become, not indeed a benefit, but a pest to society, let us next enquire whether the fate of those who still remain secluded from the world, affords a more powerful and irresistible argument against the commission of crimes. No sooner does a convict enter within the walls of his prison than he is unpitied and forgotten. The groans of his misery reach not the ears of mankind—he sighs, but alas his sighs are not heard—his tears flow in vain, unknown and unobserved. Having passed the Rubicon of shame he no longer entertains a hope of enjoying any satisfaction among men—his mind is continually revolving on fresh schemes of wickedness—and the moment a favourable opportunity occurs he executes his nefarious plans—should the period of his confinement be limited only by the duration of his life—despair and rage take possession of his soul—he curses the hour of his birth—he vents the most horrible execrations against the Author of his existence, and vows eternal hatred to the whole human race. Thus in neither case can imprisonment reform or be of any advantage to the delinquent, nor be any example to society at large. The cruelty, of sweeping from the earth an unhappy victim before he is reconciled with his Maker, is another argument urged against the expediency of capital punishments. Most certainly such a case would be truly deplorable. But is the dying offender who feels inclined to be penitent deprived of the power of

making his peace with the Deity? when he sees death staring in his face and he knows he is permitted to live but a very short time—when he perceives himself every moment approaching nearer to the brink of eternity, is it not probable his contrition will be greater and his repentance more sincere? Is it possible any one in such a situation can a single moment delay to implore forgiveness of his past misconduct, and to prepare himself for the catastrophe with which he is soon to be overtaken? No; indifference at such a time would be impossible. Every moment would be precious; every moment would be employed in endeavouring to appease the Divine wrath. That it is never too late to repent with sincerity, need not here be mentioned; genuine sorrow for past offences is always acceptable. Mankind generally please themselves with the idea of the many blissful years they are still to enjoy; they view the hour of their dissolution with a careless eye, and imagine it too distant to interrupt their present felicity, consequently they continue to indulge their vicious inclinations, and often until too late procrastinate the season of repentance.—The unhappy convict languishing in chains and darkness, expects to drag out a protracted life of misery and woe and therefore concludes he will have time enough in future to reform. But he who is already summoned to appear at the bar of the Supreme, the Judge of the universe, must feel with peculiar force the propriety of immediate and sincere penitence. Besides may not so severe a punishment as death be some atonement for the crimes of the offender? may not his sufferings in this world serve to mitigate those of the next? This certainly would depend on the goodness and mercy of the Omnipotent, but yet it evinces the injustice of branding the punishment of death with the stigma of cruelty and inhumanity. The principal aim of those to whom society have intrusted the care of framing a criminal code of laws, should be directed to punish in the most severe and examplary manner, such crimes as are essentially injurious to the existence of the social compact—That is, the moral turpitude of offences can never enter into their consideration, but the rigour of the penalties against each should bear a just ratio to the different degrees of mischief with which they respectively affect society. If then this position be correct what greater loss can possibly happen to a community than the destruction of the individuals of which it is composed? What more irreparable injury can a government sustain than the death of its citizens? If one kill his neighbour's ox, he may render him another or something equivalent in value—stolen property may be restored or a compensation made; so that the individual recovers his loss and the public remains uninjured. But the life of a citizen is without price—his death is one of the greatest misfortunes that can befal the State. For this reason the Legislature of Pennsylvania, about fourteen years ago,

thought proper to retain the punishment by death for murder of the first degree only, when they abolished it for the commission of all other crimes.—Thus by directing that death should be the consequence of that offence solely, they at the same time have tacitly declared that, in their opinion, this mode of punishment was more severe than any other to be inflicted in the State. That this opinion was correct, human nature still does and always will testify. By one bold stroke have those wise and humane Legislators drawn the grand line of distinction between murder, (which not only deprives an individual of existence but strikes at the root of society) and all other crimes and offences. It may here be worthy of remark, that all the laws punishing capitally, which were enacted by the celebrated but sanguinary Draco, were cancelled by Solon the famous lawgiver of Athens, except that only which related to murder. The latter must have reflected maturely on the subject; and the wisdom of his laws are proved by the vigor with which they flourished during the period of at least four centuries. This man must have possessed a sound judgement, a penetrating mind, an exalted genius and a profound knowledge of human nature. Some "eminent jurists and politicians" it is said "have acknowledged that the criminal code of all countries is much less perfect than the other branch of Jurisprudence," and therefore it is inferred there may be ample room for amendment in that of our own State. One of those "eminent jurists" has also declared the crown law of England to have arrived to greater perfection than that of any other country, though at the same time he could enumerate one hundred and sixty offences which were felonies without benefit of clergy—with propriety indeed might he exclaim against the defects of such a code—but have *we* the same cause to complain? Is our State deluged with the blood of criminals? Or does our penal *criminal* code abound with ancient and deep-rooted prejudices? no—let a villain be guilty of the most atrocious crimes--let him indulge in all the excesses of the most depraved wickedness, but in one solitary instance only can he, by our laws, forfeit his life.--And who would say that the wretch who could dash out the brains of a fellow-creature, who could with the greatest barbarity shed the blood of innocence, should suffer little other punishment than be obliged to labour industriously, which is in fact the lot of most honest men? Can those laws be termed cruel and inhuman, which inflict merely the same punishment on the guilty that these villains do on the unoffending? The lex-talionis may often be too mild but seldom the reverse. It is supposed by compelling criminals to labour, some reparation is made for the injury inflicted on society, by the destruction of one of its members. What! shall the blood of a citizen be estimated at "so much trash as may be" contained in a single grasp? Shall the life of an individual be commuted for

sordid lucre? Shall the advantage of securing the lives of so many innocent people, by an awful example, be dispensed with for the sake of a little pelf? Oh wretched policy! mean and unfeeling avarice! Better that the public coffers should ever be empty than supplied by such means. Better that mankind should return to their original state of uncontrouled liberty, than their lives should be sold to support *that* government by which they are so little protected. May such a motive never enter into the consideration of those who are empowered to regulate and prescribe punishments. May their grand and only object be to devise those means which are best calculated to preserve most effectually the lives of all. Punishments will invariably be most efficient, when they resemble, as nearly as possible, the crimes which they are intended to prevent. When the idea of the latter will naturally suggest that of the former; when the enforcement of the one appears to be the mere consequence of the perpetration of the other. Such a plan perhaps can seldom be accomplished, but whenever possible, would certainly be the most eligible. But when all offenders are doomed to receive the same kind of punishment, the variety and atrocity of the crimes they have severally committed, are forgotten and lost in the uniformity of their sufferings; and instead of being viewed as a woful example of the terrible consequences which will inevitably attend the commission of any who have fallen a sacrifice to their wickedness and depravity; their sufferings appear to be rather the dire effects of their vicious and iniquitous conduct generally, than the punishment of any certain offence of which they have been guilty. But as no punishment would be sufficient to prevent all wickedness and immorality, and indeed it would be in vain to attempt this, it is necessary to distinguish crimes by the different degrees in which they are injurious to the public security, and to correct the perpetrators of them with proportionable severity. It should not be forgotten also that public executions are attended with another advantage almost equally as powerful in the prevention of crimes as even the pangs of death. The idea of being exhibited to the world as a spectacle of infamy; of being held up as a mark of disgrace, would indubitably influence, in a greater degree, the actions of mankind, than the harshest treatment or most accute pain, provided their shame were buried and concealed. This dread of ignominy ought ever to be encouraged and maintained; since it tends strongly to the preservation of order and government; insinuates itself into the human breast; gives a direction to the current of men's actions, and regulates their conduct. Let it also be remembered that there are certain situations in which the inducements to perpetrate the foul crime of murder are so irresistibly cogent, that nothing, but the most examplary punishment, can deter an abandoned villain from committing this horrible deed. To instance

one; let a case of robbery be imagined. To destroy perhaps the only witness of such a wicked transaction--to crush in the embryo the means of detection, would no doubt be "a consummation devoutly to be wished for" by the highwayman. But will not the fear of imprisonment be sufficient to prevent him from committing such an act? no--since with the sure expectation of becoming a resident in the gloomy apartments of a dungeon, in case he should fall within the grasp of the law, he does not hesitate to demand the hard-earned purse. Will not the dread of eternal torment and the enormity of the crime deter him from the perpetration of it? Certainly not--since the career in which he is already hastening will inevitably lead him to destruction, unless redeemed by a merciful Saviour; and since the terms of salvation are perhaps as easy to the destroyer of life, as to him who despoils the means of sustaining it. In this instance then death alas! will be the only adequate preventive. It would be endless and fatiguing to endeavour to enumerate all the arguments which might be urged against the propriety of abolishing capital punishments entirely. Notwithstanding those philanthropists have endeared themselves to their country, who ordained that the punishment of death shall no more be inflicted in our State, except for the crime of murder--yet they have no less distinguished themselves by their wisdom, their justice and their humanity by retaining it in that single instance.--Humanity, shall we call it? yes, if preserving the lives of the virtuous and good may be so termed. When indeed the happy millenium arrives--"when swords and spears shall be turned into ploughshares and pruning-hooks," when injustice, rapine and murder shall no longer stalk on the earth--then truly the necessity of capital punishments will happily in no case exist--but until then we must endure the *kind* and *honourable* appellation of "friends of the halter."

ALCIBIADES.

HOW SHORT THE DAYS ARE!

THE more necessity for industry. How short the days are! By rising early make them longer then.

Idleness is willing to make any thing serve for an excuse, but sometimes founds its appology on the very cause that implies its censure.—Whether the day be long or short, hot or cold, wet or dry, it is a never failing source of apology to those, who desirous of excuse for what they know not how to justify, hitch their faults on the first peg that can be found, satisfied at any means of turning them from their own shoulders. If the days are shorter than usual, more must be done in less time, and one would think it rather an argument for increased diligence than an apology for

the omission of duty. But it is really laughable to find how many purposes, and on what variety of occasions, time and the weather is thrown in between man and his follies, and how many faults are laid to their charge, of which they are altogether innocent.

Set in motion, on one of our short winter days, that teazing, troublesome being, called *a dun*. The cold gives him activity, and as he knows the days are but of few hours long, he feels the necessity of attention. But what is the result of his enterprize —"Why, really sir, it grieves me to ask you to call again, but indeed *the days are so short*, that I have not had an opportunity of collecting my demands, but the next time you favor me with a visit, I hope to be better prepared to receive you." It is in vain to expect a man to pay money such weather as this. Every body loves a *long day* of payment.

There is a young trader, who looks forward to wealth and respectability. He has an eye to the future increase of business, and anticipates the pleasure of attending a numerous circle of customers. It is a dull season at present, however. The *days are so short* there is no doing any thing ; and to help the matter he is frozen up, at home, 'till a good fire thaws him out in the morning, and the inconvenience of *short days* is so great, that he cannot get his shop opened before ten o'clock.

Mrs. *Lamentable* has always been considered a very good kind of a woman. She is desirous of doing all the good in her power, is exceedingly correct and examplary in her deportment, and would fain be taken for a very pious person. In summer time she attends church regularly twice a day—when the weather is not too warm. But somehow it is, the good lady finds it impossible to appear within the walls of the chapel at this season of the year—the *mornings are so extremely short* 'tis impossible to be dressed in season.

These short days are great disturbers of public worship--they infringe upon the Sabbath more than on any day in the week--Sunday morning is in many people's estimation the shortest in the year. Either it is that the want of a bustle of business on that day or the necessary relaxation of a week's labor composes their minds and prevents a knowledge how time passes, or the morning is actually shorter and the hour of church is really much sooner than the ordinary hours of common daily business. I never heard however that the shortness of the day destroyed a single party of pleasure ; that it ever prevented a dining party or a ball, although it has been suggested that it once drove the last across the boundary line of the week and sometimes lengthened the other to day light next morning—The shortest day is always found to have room enough for pleasure and though the sun rises so late as to leave business in the dark, the want of his rays are no objection to schemes of amusement. But is it really the

short days which prevent so much business, interrupt so many avocations, and retard the completion of so many economical designs? Is it a complaint heard on the bustle of the Exchange, where money depends on exertion? Is it the cry of industry and the complaint of labor? Or rather the apology of idleness—the weak excuse for lazy and indolent minds?

You will seldom hear it among those who are able and willing to change time into gold. No—they can make the twenty-four hours equally valuable whether more or less be enlightened by the sun, but for those who do not love labor it is an admirable apology for idleness, and because the time is short in which much must be done, it is used as an argument for omitting almost every thing.

The fact is, any thing will satisfy an idle man that he need not exert himself—it is very easy to satisfy the mind, when it is resolved to make no objections, and the wind and the weather, the sun or the tide are always at command to illustrate the necessity of any course that can be adopted.

There is a general propensity, however to throw away the blame which conscience or custom attaches to the conduct, from the agent himself to any cause that can plausibly be made to sustain it. But the motive is one thing and the reasons that are given to support it another. To find the character of the mind, you must look deeper than the action or its assignable cause, and however, a man may deceive others or himself with excuses framed from the course of nature and the progress of time, yet an accute observer will find that the heart takes an interest before the mind is engaged, and sophistry is brought out to palliate what is determined to be done—It is not however honorable for a man to shrink from the responsibility of his own actions and he who conducts with the integrity of an upright mind will have no need of extrinsic assistance, or artificial aid—The weather and the time will of necessity sometimes interfere with human calculations, but he must be credulous indeed to carry to their account one half the mischief, and accidents that are daily laid to their charge, [EMERALD.

Some account of the Baron de Fridberg, translated for the Gleaner from the French of PIGAULT-LEBRUN.

AT the end of the prison in Spandaw, the Baron de Fridberg was confined more than twelve years.—The Baron, had formerly lived very happily on his lands in the middle of Silesia. He had always thought that a patriarchal government approached nearest to nature, and therefore the best; and that republican governments were next in point of justice, and common sense, to the patriarchal. Whilst the Baron confined himself merely to

thinking, he was left perfectly tranquil: But unfortunately for himself, he did not stop there. He went to Berlin, where he wrote some pamphlets, and had them privately printed, and distributed: but as the populace of Berlin do not read, and the noblesse not being republican, the pamphlets fell into oblivion. Fridberg finding that he could not be read, was at least determined to be heard. He therefore composed a comedy, which was not precisely anti-monarchal, but which attacked directly certain abuses of monarchy.

He took care not to present his piece to the royal Theatre. The comedians of Berlin do not resemble those of Paris, where the authors take great, and frequently very improper liberties. At Berlin the actors are haughty without knowing why, imperious by habit, and sometimes insolent by folly. The republican Fridberg, was not a man who could condescend to make his court to the gentlemen of the kings theatre, besides, that theatre was only frequented by the court, and its adherents, and it was not there where his piece could have any success. He carried it honestly to some puppet-players in the suburbs, which were inhabited altogether by people well calculated to second the great views of the author.

This novelty, intitled *Polichinelle* the *Cobbler*, and *Polichinelle* the *Sultan*, had an effect upon the populace, as if Pandora's box had been opened; the police therefore interfered at the second representation. The two Polichinells, their comrades of wood, and the decorations of the theatre were thrown into the fire, the director, and his assistant were compelled to run the gauntlet, and the republican Fridberg, was by *special favour* of Frederick the great *only imprisoned* at Spandaw: that the king had some reason to be offended, may be seen by the following scene taken at hazard.

Polichinelle the cobbler, bore a perfect resemblance to Polichinelle the Sultan, and took from him his crown, and sceptre, while he slept in a forest, at some distance from his retinue.

"*Sultan.* Who is this rascal who dares to awaken me?

Cobbler. Peace! late Sultan peace!

Sultan. Who dost thou call late Sultan?

Cobbler. Without doubt thou art nothing without thy crown, and sceptre, and by taking them, I have taken all thy power and merit.

Sultan. I will call my guards, and make them impale thee.

Cobbler. They will not obey thee,—they do not fear thee.

Sultan. They both love, and fear me.

Cobbler. Weak man! they feared thy authority, they loved thy treasures, and their employs; thou canst do nothing more for them.

Sultan. And will they acknowledge thee: can my crown, by being placed on thy head, work this change?

Cobbler. Hark my friend! there is frequently nothing but this little bauble, *(laying his hand on the crown,)* that makes the difference between a Sultan, and the greatest fool among his subjects.

Sultan. All that is very handsome and good, but I choose to *enjoy my rights.*

Cobbler. And what are those rights?

Sultan. I must be Sultan, because I am the son of my father.

Cobbler. And was he a Sultan?

Sultan. Yes, without doubt.

Cobbler. My dear friend, there are many sovereigns who are very happy in being the sons of their fathers: come let us finish this dispute, take thy part.

Sultan. That is very easy to say: but alas! what will become of me?

Cobbler. Thou must labour my friend to gain thy bread.

Sultan. I know nothing that I can do.

Cobbler. How then,—hast thou never had a governor, or master?

Sultan. I had an admirable one, as I have been told.

Cobbler. And did he not teach thee how to gain thy bread?

Sultan. He taught me that I should be the greatest Sultan, of all the Sultans, and that my subjects would be but too happy, in being my servants.

Cobbler. I will be more honest than he: I know a good trade, and I will learn it to thee gratis.

Sultan. A trade! insolent rascal, *(here the Sultan became more calm,)* wilt thou please to render me my crown?

Cobbler. No zounds! I find it well placed at present, and will keep it, I shall now drink, eat, and sleep: I will throw all my *follies* on my *ministers*, and take the credit to *myself* for every thing which shall receive the *approbation* of the *public*, as that is the *modern fashion.*

Sultan. That is too much. Halloo janizaries, come and defend my majesty, fight for me, seeing that I pay you for it, and I shall regard you according to the usage of potentates."

Whilst waiting for the janizaries, the Sultan lays hold of his crown—the cobbler retains it—they both pull: the crown being old, falls to the ground, and is broken into impalpable powder. The janizaries arrive, and acknowledge no more the Sultan, they go and lay siege to the castle of seven towers, in singing a hymn to Mahomet.

The spectable finishes by a dance of the *Mufti*, and our holy father the *Pope.* The *evangelists*, and the *alcoran*, are placed in a library of *tales*, and *romances*, and the curtain falls.

The impartial reader will agree, that there are few kings who would laugh at such a piece, and pardon the author; so Frederick, who was highly *democratic* while only heir apparent, and

under the tuition of a rigid tutor, or governor, but the most absolute, and rancourous of all princes, after he came to the throne; constantly resisted the solicitations of the friends, and relations of poor Fridberg. His imprisonment at Spandaw, as has already been observed, lasted more than twelve years; where the king was sure that if he wrote comedies, he could not get them acted.

For the Gleaner.

MR. EDITOR,

A few days since I received the following letter from a friend who pretends to be a minute observer of the manners, customs and regulations of what is called polite Company, and imagines himself a complete adept in discerning the least speck of impoliteness which is introduced into it by any person thereto belonging.—Under that impression, in this letter, he has given me a detail of a circumstance rather inelegant, which occured in a party at the place where he now resides, and the same apparently suiting certain behavior in our societies here, I give it to you for publication, anticipating the arise of some good from it. ARTEX.

November 26th, 1808.

DEAR FRIEND,

YOU know how I delight in making observations on certain characters, tho' not with a view to injure nor possessing malignant intentions, but only to draw some amusement from their whims and capriciousness. This disposition prompted me to attend at a party a few evenings since where I was invited, and as usual, put on my observing specks for discovering some excentric dispositions to entertain myself with, previously taking a seat where the most conspicuous view of the persons present could be obtained. I had not long occupied my post before a young Gentleman by the name of *Magpie*, lightly tripped in. On the moment of his appearance silence universally reigned in the room, except what noise arose from the complimentary part of the party, who immediately paid their respects, which he received very *politely* with a loud laugh.—Being somewhat of a stranger here, by the attention paid him, I concluded that some *considerable* character had now entered, and absolutely began to sum up all my rhetorical powers to be capable of conversing with him should he shew a disposition of noticing me.

After all the introductory and polite forms were suspended, he was requested to take a seat, which he did in the following manner: Turning around two or three times as if looking for one, tho' there were several vacant near him, then walking up to a settee crouded with young women he let himself fall or

rather sit with all his weight between two of them and undoubtedly must have incommoded and injured both considerably. This is something curious I involuntarily exclaimed, to myself, nevertheless he laughed heartily at the *joke* and begged pardon for all injuries. If Mr. *Magpie* had stopped there, he would have lost but little in my opinion. Yet what I did not know at that time prompted to display still more of such *manly ridiculousness* without reflecting upon the consequences attending it. He was hardly seated firm in this seat before the ladies on each side of him felt the effects of his elbows, which he began to work about like a cobbler making shoes, at the same time crying out—"*See how the girls are kissing me.* L--d Miss if you dont cease, I will not sit by you.--Fie Miss you have been taking a *swig* of the *Forum* to day, and who could not discern it from the crimsoned colour you possess."--Much more of the same nature came from his lips but this was sufficient to satisfy me.--I could not conceive with what to class it, being an entire new system of excentricity in my opinion, yet I concluded that it was not proper for the place--therefore turning to a person next to me, I enquired who this young man was, and why such conduct could be permitted there. He informed me that refined company sometimes have their *wits* to amuse them, at least possess a partiality for certain characters who are capable of affording amusement by a lively turn of fancy, and this young man thro' a mistaken judgement has conceived that he can obtain the favor of our parties here by the behavior you have witnessed, because as it sometimes occasions laughter he imagines it must be wit and appears confident that we consider it so; but how much is he mistaken? An idea of conduct like this being wit never has disgraced our taste as yet. Indeed we discard every thing that may tend to the injury of each other, and particularly unchaste behavior and conversation. For if we permit them to be made use of in our societies would they not terminate our existence as social companions and destroy the principal source of refinement which always exists in a modest social company? When vulgarism is introduced refinement will be expelled. Then each individual finding no more safety in company ceases keeping it and thus would a considerable portion of our happiness be annulled.--Now we know that this young man's conduct is precisely calculated to do us this injury if his example should be followed by others. But as there is little or no danger of it at present we have not given him any check, in hopes that the regularity he observes among us may in time convince him of his error and add one more agreeable member to our society. Here he left speaking to attend to a lady aside of him, and I conclude

yours,

TIMOTHY CORRECTIVE.

Poetry.

THE WANDERER OF SWITZERLAND.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

PART III.

The Wanderer continues his narrative, and describes the battle and massacre of Underwalden.

Wand. "From the valley we descried,
As the Gauls approach'd our shores,
Keels that darken'd all the tide,
Tempesting the lake with oars.

Then the mountain-echoes rang
With the clangor of alarms:
Shrill the signal-trumpet sang;
All our warriors leap'd to arms.

On the margin of the flood,
While the frantic foe drew nigh;
Grim as watching Wolves we stood,
Prompt as Eagles stretch'd to fly.

In a deluge upon land
Burst their overwhelming might;
Back we hurl'd them from the strand,
Still returning to the fight.

Still repuls'd, their rage increas'd,
Till the waves were warm with blood;
Still repuls'd, they never ceas'd,
Till they founder'd in the flood.*

For on that triumphant day,
Underwalden's arms once more
Broke Oppression's black array,
Dash'd Invasion from her shore.

Gaul's surviving barks retired,
Muttering vengeance as they fled;
Hope in us, by victory fired,
Rais'd our Spirits from the dead.

* *The French made their first attack on the Valley of Underwalden from the Lake; but after a desperate conflict, they were victoriously repelled, and two of their vessels, containing five hundred men, perished in the engagement.*

From the dead our Spirits rose,
To the dead they soon return'd;
Bright, on its eternal close,
Underwalden's glory burn'd.

Star of Switzerland! whose rays
Shed such sweet expiring light,
Ere the Gallic comet's blaze
Swept thy beauty into night:—

Star of Switzerland! thy fame
No recording Bard hath sung,
Yet be thine immortal name
Inspiration to my tongue!*

While the lingering moon delay'd
In the wilderness of night,
Ere the morn awoke the shade
Into loveliness and light;

Gallia's tygers, wild for blood,
Darted on our sleeping fold;
Down the mountains, o'er the flood,
Dark as thunder-clouds they roll'd.

By the trumpet's voice alarm'd,
All the valley burst awake;
All were in a moment arm'd
From the barriers to the lake.

—In that valley, on that shore,
When the graves give up their dead,
At the trumpet's voice once more
Shall those slumberers quit their bed!

For the glen that gave them birth
Hides their ashes in its tomb:
O 'tis venerable earth,
Freedom's cradle, Freedom's tomb!—

Then on every side begun
That unutterable fight;
Never rose th' astonished sun
On so horrible a sight.

Once an Eagle of the rock
('Twas an omen of our fate,)
Stoop'd, and from my scatter'd flock
Bore a lambkin to his mate.

* *In the last and decisive battle, the Underwalders were overpowered by two French armies, which rushed upon them from the opposite mountains and surrounded their camp, while an assault at the same time was made upon them from the Lake.*

While the Parents fed their young,
Lo! a cloud of Vultures lean,
By voracious famine stung,
Wildly-screaming, rush'd between.

Fiercely fought the eagle-twain,
Though by multitudes opprest,
'Till their little ones were slain,
'Till they perish'd on their nest.

More unequal was the fray
Which our band of brethren waged;
More insatiate o'er their prey
Gaul's remorseless vultures raged.

In innumerable waves,
Swoln with fury, grim with blood,
Headlong roll'd the hordes of slaves,
And ingulph'd us with a flood.

In the whirlpool of that flood,
Firm in fortitude divine,
Like th' eternal rocks we stood,
In the cataract of the Rhine.*

'Till by tenfold force assail'd,
In a hurricane of fire,
When at length the phalanx fail'd,
Then our courage blazed the higher.

Broken into feeble bands,
Fighting in dissever'd parts,
Weak and weaker grew our hands,
Strong and stonger still our hearts.

Fierce amid the loud alarms,
Shouting in the foremost fray,
Children rais'd their little arms
In their country's evil day.

On their country's dying bed,
Wives and husbands pour'd their breath;
Many a youth and Maiden bled,
Married at thine altar, Death!†

Wildly scatter'd o'er the plain,
Bloodier still the battle grew:—
O yc Spirits of the slain!
Slain on those your prowess slew:

* *At Schaffhausen.—See Coxe's Travels.*

†*In this miserable conflict, many of the Women and Children of the Underwalders fought in the ranks, by their Husbands and Fathers and Friends, and fell gloriously for their Country.*

Who shall now your deeds relate!
Ye that fell unwept, unknown;
Mourning for your country's fate,
But rejoicing in your own!

Virtue, valour, nought avail'd
With so merciless a foe:
When the nerves of heroes fail'd,
Cowards then could strike a blow.

Cold and keen th' assassin's blade
Smote the father to the ground,
Thro' the infant's breast convey'd
To the Mother's heart a wound. *

Underwalden thus expired;
But at her expiring flame,
With fraternal feeling fired,
Lo, a band of Switzers came.†

From the steeps beyond the lakes,
Like a Winter's weight of snow,
When the huge Lavanges break,
Devastating all below;—‡

Down they rush'd with headlong might,
Swifter than the panting wind;
All before them fear and flight!
Death and silence all behind!

How the forest of the foe
Bow'd before their thunder strokes!
When they laid the cedars low;
When they overwhelm'd the oaks!

Thus they hew'd their dreadful way;
'Till by numbers forc'd to yield,
Terrible in death they lay,
The AVENGERS OF THE FIELD!"

* *An indiscriminate massacre followed the battle.*

† *Two hundred self-devoted Heroes from the Canton of Switz arrived, at the close of the battle, to the aid of their Brethren of Underwalden—and perished to a man, after having slain thrice their number.*

‡ *The Lavanges are tremendous torrents of melting snow, that tumble from the tops of the Alps, and deluge all the country before them.*

FOR THE GLEANER.

—

MR. EDITOR,

I send you the following lines extracted from a Poem in Aikin's Athenæum. The author, under the fanciful idea that the dust in a mole hill once formed component particles of the human frame, strikes out some very singular ideas. The strain of thought is highly elevated—and it will be readily observed that what Mr. Hervey frequently attempted, and not seldom failed in, the art of raising sublime reflections from a mean subject, has here been executed with the happiest effect.

CORINNA.

THE MOLE-HILL.

TELL me, thou dust beneath my feet,
Thou dust that once had breath,
Tell me how many mortals meet,
In this small hill of death.

The mole that digs with curious toil
Her subterraneous bed,
Thinks not she ploughs an human soil
And delves among the dead.

Far in the regions of the morn,
The rising sun surveys,
Palmyra's Palaces forlorn,
Unveiling in her rays.

There oft the Pilgrims as they stand,
See from the broken wall,
The shadow tottering on the sand,
Ere the huge fragments fall.

But tow'rs and palaces mock'd by time,
Tremendous domes, appear,
To me, less mournfully sublime
Than this poor mole-hill here.

Yonder a spirit flits away,
Thou shalt not thus depart,
Stay—transcendant spirit stay!
And tell me who thou art.

'Twas Alfred, in the roll of fame,
And in the midnight page,
Glimmers his broad refulgent name,
The watchlight of the age.

He was, he is not, all is past,
Tell me—but who can tell,
In what mysterious regions cast,
Immortal spirits dwell?

See over death's bewildering wave,
The rainbow hope arise,
A bridge of glory from the grave,
That bends beyond the skies.

A DREAM.

To L——

AT the midnight's silent hour,
When the streaming meteors gleam,
Slumbering softly, fancy's pow'r
Wafts me to thee in a dream.

Oft, where flowers gaily blossom
In the mossy-mantled vale,
With sweet raptures, on thy bosom
Do I sigh and breathe love's tale.

Oft when morning blushes, early
With thee o'er the meadows green
Do I wander, blythe and cheerly
As in slumbers sweet, I dream.

Oft beneath the weeping willow
Waving near the glossy stream,
On a bank's soft roseate pillow
Do we rest; as sweet I dream.

Transcient raptures! Sweet illusions!
That again evanish soon,
Tho' but fancy's fleeting visions,
Yet they cheer my absent gloom.

EVANDER.

Register and Gazette.

REPORT

Of the Secretary of the Treasury on the subject of Public Roads and Canals; made in pursuance of a resolution, of the Senate of the United States, of March 2, 1807.

(Continued from page 139.)

INTERIOR CANALS.

UNDER this denomination will be included all the canals of which any knowledge has been obtained, and which are not immediately on the rivers opening communications with the western waters or with those of the St. Laurence, although some of them may be considered as extending those communications to more remote sea ports. The documents from which the information is extracted will be found under the letters (C. |c.)

I. Merrimack.

The navigation of that river, which rising in the state of New-Hampshire, falls into the sea at Newburyport after a course of 180 miles, is interrupted by several falls. A canal, called Blodget's canal, has been opened around Asmoskeag falls. Lower down, and about 40 miles from the sea, the Essex canal, 4 miles in length, and admitting boats drawing 3 feet and a half, will open a communication around the Patucket falls, effecting through 3 locks, a descent of 34 feet. From the lower extremity of the canal, the river is navigable to the head of the tide at Haverhill, although the fall be 45 feet within that distance. No particular account has been received of the capital expended; but it is believed that the work will be profitable to the undertakers.

The Middlesex canal, uniting the waters of that river with the harbor of Boston, is however the greatest work of the kind which has been completed in the United States.

That canal, 12 feet wide and 3 1-2 feet deep, draws its supply of water from Sudbury or Concord river, a branch of the Merrimack, and from the summit ground extends six miles with a descent of 28 feet to the Merrimack above the Patucket falls, and 22 miles with a descent of 107 feet to the tide water of the harbor of Boston. The descent to the Merrimack is effected by three, and that to tide water, by nineteen locks. They are all

90 feet long, 12 feet wide, of solid masonry and excellent workmanship.

In order to open that canal, it was necessary to dig, in some places, at the depth of 20 feet, to cut through ledges of rocks, to fill some vallies and morasses, and to throw several aqueducts across the intervening rivers. One of these across the river Shawshine is 280 feet long, and 22 feet above the river. All those obstacles have been overcome, and boats of 24 tons, 75 feet long and 11 feet wide, can navigate the canal. Those in most general use are of smaller dimensions, and are drawn by two horses at the rate of three miles an hour. A raft of one mile in length, and containing eight hundred tons of timber, has been drawn by two oxen, part of the way at the rate of one mile an hour. Common boats pass from one end of the canal to the other in 12 hours. The capital expended on the work is stated at 478,000 dollars, and the water rights and necessary land cost a further sum of 58,000 dollars. The total expense has exceeded 550,000 dollars: the tolls have never yet exceeded 17,000 dollars a year, but are increasing.

Several other canals have been contemplated in the state of Massachusetts, intended to unite the waters of Providence or Patucket river, with those of Charles river, which falls into the harbor of Boston, and of the river Connecticut. The grounds have been surveyed, but no particular description has been obtained, and the works have not yet been commenced.

II. Schuylkill and Delaware.

A Company was incorporated several years ago by the state of Pennsylvania, for opening a canal from Norristown, on the river Schuylkill, to the tide water of the Delaware at Philadelphia. The distance is 16 miles, the fall 53 feet, and the canal deriving its water from the Schuylkill, would have been carried on a level to Philadelphia, and in its descent to the Delaware supplied the city with water, and the shipping with docks. The expense had been estimated at 533,000 dollars; the work was commenced, one third part of the digging effected, and a considerable sum expended: But either from want of funds, or from an improper selection of the ground, or from other causes not fully understood, the undertaking if not altogether abandoned, has been suspended for several years.

This canal was intended as the first link of an extensive western communication. The Schuylkill, from Norristown to Reading, 46 miles higher up the river, being navigable a great portion of the year, was considered as the next link.

III. Schuylkill and Susquehanna.

Another company was incorporated, for the purpose of open-

ing an inland navigation between Reading, on the Schuylkill, to Middletown, on the Susquehanna. Both towns are in the great Lime stone valley, beyond the Blue Ridge, and the distance is 70 miles. It had been at first supposed that it would be sufficient to cut a canal four miles in length, on the summit level between the two rivers; and thereby to unite the Tulpehocken which falls into the Schuylkill, with the Quitipahilla, a branch of the Swatara, which empties into the Susquehanna. But it was soon ascertained that the original plan of improving by a succession of dams the navigation of those small rivers was erroneous, and that it would be necessary to cut a canal the whole way.

The summit level is at an elevation of 310 feet above the Schuylkill, and of 308 feet above the Susquehanna. Adjacent springs are considered sufficient for the upper locks: and the creeks would after a short descent afford an abundant supply. The proposed dimensions of the canal were a breadth of 20 feet at the bottom, and a depth of 3 feet and a half: and the expense was estimated at near 1,500,000 dollars.

The work was commenced: the canal has been cut the whole distance of 4 miles on the summit level; five locks made of brick have been constructed; land and water rights have been purchased, and a considerable capital has been expended. But although the State of Pennsylvania has permitted the company to raise 266,000 dollars by lottery, and is bound to pay to them 300,000 dollars whenever the work shall have been completed, it remains suspended for want of funds.

The great lockage necessary for this canal, is the principal objection to that line of communication: and it has been suggested that a canal from Columbia, on the Susquehanna, to tide water, or to the great Delaware and Chesapeake canal, would be much less expensive, and equally beneficial both to the interior country and to Philadelphia. This question, as many others suggested in this report, cannot be decided by any but practical and skilful engineers.

IV. Appomattox.

A Company has been incorporated for opening a canal from the upper end of the falls of that river, which is the south branch of James River, to Petersburgh on the head of the tide. The distance is five miles, and the descent more than thirty feet to a bason, about sixty feet above the tide, in which the canal will terminate. The water is drawn from the river; and the canal 16 feet wide, 3 feet deep, and admitting boats of six tons is nearly completed. The capital already expended amounts to sixty thousand dollars. But the company own thirty negroes, and suppose that their labor, and a further sum of ten thousand dollars, will be sufficient to build the locks, and to dig about half

a mile which remains to be cut in order to open the communication between the river and the bason. This work which has been carried on with much zeal, and at a small expense, will open an important navigation of near one hundred miles.

V. Neuse and Beaufort.

The harbor of Beaufort in North Carolina, and which must not be confounded with that of the same name in South Carolina, admits vessels drawing eighteen feet of water. Ocracoke inlet, the only navigable entrance into the Pamtico and Albemarle sounds, that extensive estuary of the rivers Chowan, Roanoke, Tar and Neuse, has less water, and is 70 miles from Newbern, on the last mentioned river. The distance between Newport, or Beaufort river and the Neuse, being only three miles, and the elevation of the highest intervening ground no more than seven feet above tide water, a canal uniting the two rivers, was undertaken by a company incorporated for that purpose by the state of North Carolina. All the shares have, from particular circumstances, become the property of one individual; and the work which had been commenced some years ago, is now suspended.

VI. Cape Fear River.

A Company incorporated by the same state, for improving the navigation of this river, after having exhausted a portion of their funds, which did not exceed twelve thousand dollars, in fruitless attempts to improve the natural navigation of the river, have opened a canal with a lock, which opens a safe passage around the Buck horn or great falls, seven miles below the junction of the Deep and Haw river. Another canal, six miles in length, with two locks, is necessary around Smilie's falls. Nearly half that distance has been completed; but the work is now suspended for want of funds. The legislature has lately authorised the company to encrease their capital.

VII. New Orleans.

The canal Carondelet, which has already been mentioned, extends from Bayou St. John to the fortifications or ditch of the city, and thereby opens an inland communication with lake Pontchartrain. A company is incorporated by the territorial legislature for the purpose of repairing and improving that work, and of uniting the canal by locks with the Mississippi. Independent of other advantages, this undertaking would enable government to transport with facility and use the same naval force for the defence of both the Mississippi and lake Pontchartrain, the two great avenues by which New Orleans may be approached from the sea.

(To be continued.)

On Tuesday December 6th, 1808, the Legislature of Pennsylvania convened, and on Thursday the 8th the Governor met both branches in the Chamber of the House of Representatives, where he delivered the following

ADDRESS:

Gentlemen of the Senate, and
Gentlemen of the House of Representatives,

THE existing crisis in public affairs will naturally engage the attention of the members of the Union; and particularly, I trust, of Pennsylvania. The communications, which the President has recently made to Congress, disclose, in a clear and comprehensive review, the origin and progress of our controversy with the belligerent powers. And, should we, after all, be compelled to surrender the blessing and the hope of peace, we have certainly the consolation to see it demonstrated to the world, that neither the guilt of aggression, nor the folly of ambition can be fairly imputed to the measures of our Government. Impartial, respectful, and conciliatory, towards other nations, the federal administration, with becoming firmness and dignity, has sought in return atonement for acknowledged injuries, and security for unquestionable rights. In the result, however, an appeal to the justice (nay to the interest) of those nations, has been received with indifference, or rejected with derision; truth and reason have been opposed, in vain to pride and power; and every candid mind at last perceives, that the independence of America must be maintained (as it was achieved) by the active patriotism and valor of her sons.

If any thing were wanting to evince the wisdom of the course which Congress has pursued at the perilous period, the safety given to our commercial capital, with all its incidents (notwithstanding the probable fate of the negociations with foreign powers) must, I think, remove every doubt. It is true, that, by the operation of the embargo, the spirit of maritime enterprize has been restrained, the profits of trade are for awhile surrendered, the price of some of the staples of the United States has been reduced and the occupations of particular classes of citizens have been partially interrupted: but these inconveniences are not so great, as the loss of private property, which lawless captures and arbitrary confiscations would inevitably produce; and they are unworthy of a moment's calculation, when placed in competition with the loss of national independence, to be incurred by a tame submission to the orders and decrees of the sovereigns of Europe. Nor are these (you will readily perceive) the only considerations which accommodate the suspension of foreign commerce to the interest, as well as to the honor of our country.

Upon a full view of the national situation, its present incon-

veniences and its probable consequences, the patriotic disposition, which has been manifested by our immediate constituents, is entitled to universal respect and applause: If it is true, that symptoms of disaffection to the Union, of opposition to the laws, and of animosity to the chosen rulers of the people, have elsewhere appeared; Pennsylvania, we know, directing her energies to other objects, has borne the suspension of her commerce without murmer or complaint. Neither the restraints of the embargo, nor the feuds of party, nor the allurements of private interest, nor the menaces of war, have impaired, in feeling or in action, her obedience to the constitution and laws; her pride of character, or her plighted faith to the government of the Union. An example, so honorable and so conspicuous, cannot fail to be beneficial. Extending beyond the limits of Pennsylvania, it will animate and confirm the virtue of her sister states. And, for my own part, I feel the highest gratification, that among the latest acts of a protracted public life, after a lapse of more than thirty years, and in seasons of extreme difficulty and danger, I can again unite with my countrymen in "the mutual pledge of our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor," to support the declaration "that these United States are, and of right ought to be free and independent."

But, gentlemen, in order to give efficient support to such a declaration, every state, nay every citizen of every state must rally round the standard of the Union, prepared in numbers, in discipline and in arms, as well as in resolution, to encounter and repel every hostile assailant. Hence the condition of the militia will claim and receive your earliest attention. The muster roll exhibits a force formidable indeed in its amount, and exemplary for the patriotism and bravery of those who compose it; but to render the militia an adequate substitute, or even a useful auxiliary for a regular army, a new system of organization, better directed to the purposes of discipline, subordination and equipment, is anxiously expected from the wisdom of the legislature.

Nor is it in military preparation alone, that our zeal to support the declaration of independence ought now to be displayed: The theory of independence is often distinct from its practical enjoyment, and the republican institutions of our country will be vain and illusory, unless the morals and the manners of the people shall be moulded in conformity to them. To be truly independent, we must be able to provide, at least, for our own wants; we must explore and combine the physical properties of our climate and our soil, our woods and our waters: And, to be truly republican, we must maintain a pure and vigilant administration of justice; we must multiply the opportunities of acquiring useful knowledge; and we must endeavor (mutually endeavor) to extinguish or to allay the spirit of party. Upon

the various subjects, connected with these important considerations, the records of your predecessors will present an ample scope for deliberation; and, I am persuaded, that in the encouragement given to the improvement of roads, inland navigation and other public works; in the patronage conferred on seminaries for educating the poor; and in the necessary augmentation of the number of the judges, as well as in the re-organization of the courts to answer the calls of justice, you will invariably consult and pursue the welfare and the honor of the state. In a career so laudable all party animosity will be subdued; all personal asperity will be assuaged, and the diffusive influence of such liberality and forbearance will not fail to produce, among our constituents, that unity and harmony of action, without which we cannot long hope to prosper, and with which we shall never have occasion to fear.

Gentlemen of the House of Representatives,

By the annual reports from the department of accounts, you will perceive that the permanent revenues of the commonwealth are sufficient to defray the ordinary expenses of government; and that to those revenues an addition has been made since your last session by a subscription for two hundred shares of the stock of the Bank of Philadelphia at par; the market price being so advanced as to exclude the alternative of a purchase.

In the application of the public treasure, the legislature will endeavor, I am confident, to unite the duty of economy, with the attainments of a liberal and enlightened policy, particularly as our constituents have ever evinced an eager disposition to contribute, whatever may be wanting for the important objects to which I have alluded.

Permit me to add, that in revising the Journals, it will be found, that a legislative pledge remains unsatisfied. To the honor of the late governor Mifflin; whose patriotic life, in war and in peace, in the field and in the cabinet, had been devoted to the service of his country, a public funeral and a monument were decreed in the year 1800; but, by an unfortunate omission, the resolution of the two Houses was not presented for the executive approbation (which would cordially have been given) and no appropriation consequently exists to complete this last testimonial of the affection and respect of Pennsylvania, for one of her distinguished sons. Another native of our state, the gallant Wayne, who, to the glorious exploits of his revolutionary career, added in latter times, a signal victory, over a combination of Indian forces, hitherto, probably unequalled, lies buried in a distant grave, without a single trophy to designate the spot. His deeds must amply consecrate his memory; but something will still be due to evince the sense, which his country entertains of his virtue and his valor.

Gentlemen of the Senate, and
Gentlemen of the House of Representatives,

In my last personal communication to the legislature, probably in the last important public act of my life, I shall be indulged, I hope, in claiming some credit, for feelings corresponding with the solemnity of the occasion. It has been my lot to witness the progress of our country, from a colonial to a national character, through the ordeal of many trials in peace and in war. It has been my happiness to enjoy the favor and the confidence of our country in the most arduous as well as in the most auspicious stages of her political career. Thus attached by every tie of honor and of gratitude, by all the motives of social interest and affection, I contemplate the future destinies of our country with a proud, but an anxious expectation. My day of exertion (of feeble exertion at the best) is past; but for our fellow citizens and for their Representatives, in every department of the government, I can only cease to implore the blessing of Providence, when I cease to exist.

THOMAS M'KEAN.

MONDAY, Dec. 19th 1808.

This day the Senate and House of Representatives went into joint meeting, agreeably to a previous arrangement, when the votes given for Governor at the late election, were counted and Simon Snyder was declared to have been duly elected. Next day, at 12 o'clock, the Governor elect was waited upon by a joint committee of the Senate and House of Representatives and conducted into the chamber of the latter, where the Speaker of the Senate administered to him the usual oaths of office; after which, he delivered the following

ADDRESS,

FELLOW-CITIZENS,

ELEVATED to the first office of the commonwealth, I approach its duties with all that diffidence and solicitude, which its high importance, responsibility and difficulty, necessarily impose.

Having taken the oaths required, faithfully to discharge the duties of Chief Magistrate of the commonwealth of Pennsylvania, it only remains to assure you, that I enter upon their performance *with purity of motive and intention, and an unalterable determination to devote every faculty of my mind, to the promotion of the freedom, honor and happiness of our country.*

I should do violence to my feelings, did I not embrace this earliest opportunity of tendering to my fellow-citizens, the sin-

cere, though faint expression, of the gratitude, which animates my heart, in return for the confidence which so large a portion of them, have so strongly manifested towards me by their votes at the late general election. These feelings, super-added to the solemn obligation of the oaths I have taken, will be ever present, and shall at all times influence my conduct.

With the happiness and prosperity of Pennsylvania as my object—the constitution of the commonwealth as my polar star..... your wisdom and patriotism as my guides, and the confidence and affectionate attachment of our constituents as my supporters, and a firm reliance on Divine Providence, I hope so to discharge the duties of the station, as to express a proper sense of the distinguished honor conferred on me.

FELLOW-CITIZENS,

In entering upon my public duties, I feel that I ought to rely much upon the wisdom, patriotism and information of the Representatives of the people: I solicit your friendly aid, and shall esteem it a pure source of gratification, if I shall be so fortunate as to have through my administration, a perfect good understanding, and harmonious intercourse with the legislature of the state—These are circumstances at all times greatly to be desired; but, in a national crisis, like the present, when all that is dear and precious to the United States, is threatened by the violence and aggressions of foreign powers, it is peculiarly and eminently the duty of all the constituted authorities to act in support of the just and honorable measures, adopted by the federal government; as if animated by one heart, one spirit and one determination. The happy influence of such an accordance of opinion and action, is not bounded by our country, but beneficially extends itself, wherever American politics can interest or American interest be affected.

In future communications it shall be my pleasure, as it will be my duty, to submit to the consideration of the legislature, such measures as an honest and ardent desire to promote the public prosperity, shall suggest.

Accept, fellow-citizens, for yourselves and for your constituents, my best wishes for your welfare and happiness, public and private.

SIMON SNYDER.

A List of the Members of the Legislature of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, for the Session 1808-9.

SENATE.

1*st District, Philadelphia city and county.*—John Dorsey, Jacob Sommer, Edward Heston, Michael Bright.

2*d District, Delaware and Chester.*—Isaac Wayne, Jonas Preston.

3*d District, Bucks.*—William Erwin.

4*th District, Lancaster.*—Amos Slaymaker, Christopher Mayer.

5*th District, Berks.*—Gabriel Hiester, Daniel Udree.

6*th District, Dauphin.*—Melchior Rahm.

7*th District, Montgomery.*—Jonathan Roberts, jun.

8th *District, Northampton and Wayne.*—William Lattimore, Matthias Gress.

9*th District, Luzerne and Northumberland.*—Nathan Palmer, James Laird.

10*th District, Lycoming and Centre.*—John Burrows.

11*th District, York and Adams.*—Thomas Campbell, William Miller.

12*th District, Mifflin and Huntingdon.*—Ezra Doty.

13*th District, Cumberland.*—David Mitchell.

14th *District, Bedford, Somerset and Cambria.*—Jacob Blocher.

15*th District, Franklin.*—Archibald Rankin.

16*th District, Westmoreland, Armstrong, Indiana and Jefferson.*—James Brady.

17*th District, Fayette.*—Presley C. Lane, *(Speaker.)*

18*th District, Greene and Washington.*—Isaac Weaver, James Stevenson.

19*th District, Allegheny, Beaver and Butler.*—Abner Lacock, Nathaniel Irish.

20*th District, Mercer, Erie, Venango, Crawford and Warren.*—William M'Arthur.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Philadelphia city.—Clement Humphreys, Richard O'Brien, Philip Odenheimer, Jacob Mitchel, Elisha Gordon.

Philadelphia county.—Joseph Starne, Jacob Shearer, Christian Sheetz, James Engle, *(Speaker,)* John Thompson, Michael Leib.

Bucks.—John M'Nair, Jenkin Evans, John Hulme, Henry Funk.

Chester.—James Kelton, Isaac Darlington, Abraham Bailey, John G. Bull, George Evans.

Lancaster.—Samuel Bethel, William Ramsey, Jacob Gish, Robert Maxwell, Jacob Kimmel, Charles Smith.

York.—Abraham Graffius, George Spangler, Archibald S. Jordan, George Nace.

Cumberland.—James Lowry, Philip Pepfer, John Orr.

Berks.—Jacob Schneider, John Weiser, Jacob Rhoads, James M'Farland, John M. Hyneman.

Northampton and Wayne.—James Ralston, Jacob Weygandt, John Weiss, Jacob Neuhard, Daniel W. Dingman.

Northumberland.—John Murray, Leonard Rupert, Frederick Evans, Andrew Albright.

Washington.—Robert Machan, Thomas M'Call, John Colmery, Abel M'Farland.

Armstrong, Jefferson and Indiana.—James Sloan.

Westmoreland.—John M. Snowden, James Montgomery, Gasper Tarr.

Fayette.—Christian Tarr, Isaac Griffin, Samuel Trevor.

Bedford.—John Todd, William Piper.

Franklin.—William Maclay, Robert Smith, Jacob Dechert.

Montgomery.—John Weber, Nathaniel B. Boileau,* Samuel Gross, Isaiah Davis.

Dauphin.—James Wallace, Andrew Shulze, Jacob Bucher.

Luzerne.—Charles Miner, Benjamin Dorrance.

Huntingdon.—Alexander Dysart, Arthur Moore.

Beaver.—John Lawrence.

Allegheny and Butler.—James Patterson, Francis M'Clure, John Wilson, Jacob Mechling.

Mifflin.—James Banks, John Starrett.

Delaware.—Thomas Smith, William Trimble.

Somerset and Cambria.—James Hanna, Alexander Ogle.

Lycoming.—Isaac Smith, Samuel Satterlee.

Greene.—John Brown.

Adams.—James Gettys, James M'Sherry.

Centre, Clearfield and M'Kean.—William Rankin.

Erie, Crawford and Warren.—John Philips, James Herrington.

Mercer and Venango.—Samuel Dale, Bivan Pearson.

* *Now Secretary of the Commonwealth.*

List of Votes for Governor of Pennsylvania.

COUNTIES.	Oct. 1799.		Oct. 1802.		Oct. 1805.		Oct. 1808.	
	M'Kean.	J. Ross.	M'Kean.	J. Ross.	M'Kean.	Snyder.	Snyder.	J. Ross.
City of Philad.	1137	1612	4638	2296	4107	3881	2897	2737
County of do.	2513	1188					3860	2047
Bucks,	2058	2175	1942	1303	2462	1987	2611	2621
Chester,	1897	2907	2320	1998	2691	2430	3147	3264
Lancaster,	2258	3285	2911	2183	3978	2307	3598	4089
York,	2026	2705	1691	742	1883	747	2867	1651
Cumberland,	1624	1260	1691	214	1222	1771	2717	1204
Berks,	4170	807	4240	512	3718	2007	3558	1321
Northampton,	3131	775	3210	511	3054	1209	2817	1185
Bedford,	285	812	823	319	1020	527	1422	844
Northum'd,	2997	638	2674	221	1254	3202	4131	1069
Westmorel'd,	1420	819	1780	161	2364	392	1858	1261
Washington,	1755	1106	2426		1088	2299	3680	1067
Fayette,	1011	1156	1981	425	1558	1025	2325	931
Franklin,	992	1413	1368	686	1228	1369	2039	1367
Montgomery,	2221	1796	2103	1283	2361	1930	2988	2263
Dauphin,	2042	1054	1844	309	1039	2112	3041	855
Huntingdon,	463	957	869	272	622	1023	1429	900
Allegheny,	976	2106	2297	591	1125	911	2118	1249
Mifflin,	1208	317	1162	94	144	1245	1561	283
Delaware,	431	1154	606	722	1101	476	738	1338
Luzerne,	259	916	274	682	670	415	772	1239
Wayne,	180	116	212	54	117	189	322	112
Somerset,	90	662	786	128	872	548	1124	297
Cambria,							180	119
Lycoming,	491	350	640	62	728	561	1222	520
Greene,	401	557	624	76	352	610	1183	350
Adams,			648	944	852	264	795	1372
Centre,			784	70	219	1068	1602	177
Beaver,					514	484	1125	359
Butler,					268	369	886	221
Crawford,					310	443	623	266
Erie,					254	377	353	244
Venango,			1335	179	171	267	460	126
Mercer,					298	433	872	215
Armstrong,							527	206
Indiana.							527	206
	38036	32643	47879	17037	43644	38878	67975	39575